

The War Cry

Easter  1965



The Crimson DAWN



- By STELLA OWEN -

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been living with her married sister, and Bill had been one of a number of servicemen invited out to a home-cooked Sunday dinner. After that, he had been a regular visitor.

"We can have a little while together anyhow," he had pleaded, and at last she had surrendered. But the time had been short. He had been assigned to sea duty on his submarine in the Far East danger zone, where only recently warships had been attacked, and she had been left alone to await the coming of little Billy, and to choose between returning to her sister's already overcrowded household, or going to live with Bill's mother in Winnipeg, Man.

"You'll like Mother," Bill had pleaded when he had suggested the latter arrangement. "Maybe not at first. But she's true-blue—inside. I know."

Bill had done his best to prepare her for her new life.

"You'll be one in a bunch of in-laws," he had said, flashing her the whimsical smile she loved. "Kind of odd, how you'll be tied together. You see, Lenore, there's one more member in our family at home. Grandfather Cushing has made his home with us ever since I can remember. And now there will be Mother, Grandfather, and—and my wife."

BILL'S mother had met her at the station. Even without the self-introduction, Lenore would have known her by her resemblance to Bill. She had the same crisp, dark hair, tinged only slightly with grey;

the same deep, appraising eyes, the same strong handclasp.

Grandfather Cushing had been at the station, too. Lenore had loved him at once. He was a tall, spare man, straight as an arrow despite his seventy-eight years. He took her hand in a welcoming grip that warmed her heart.

As time passed, Lenore had found her first impressions merely verified and extended. She was a guest, nothing more. She was tolerated because she was Bill's wife, who was to be given a home until his return.

If he did return. She swallowed a sudden lump in her throat. It had been so long since they had had a letter from Bill. Four months . . . Pacific duty . . .

"Crying in the dark, Norrie? Don't you want a little mite of light?"

Lenore mustered a smile.

"Come in, Grandpa. Turn on the light on the table. And sit down."

Grandpa obeyed, seating himself in the biggest wooden rocker. Looking past him, through the open door leading into the dining-room, Lenore caught a glimpse of the blanket-draped crib in which the eight-day old Billy slept, snug and warm beside the radiator.

Out in the kitchen, Mrs. Cushing prepared Lenore's supper, walking briskly back and forth, a dynamo of energy.

"I make her so much work," whispered Lenore weakly. "She takes care of me. She looks after Billy. She does all her housework, yet—she hates me."

Easter Sunrise Brought

Two Gifts

To Lenore—

RECONCILIATION

And

REASSURANCE



Grandpa shook his head.

"Not that, Norrie. But she's had a hard life. She was a right handsome girl when she married my boy. But she's had plenty of sorrow. It sort of hardened her heart and her face, too, I think. My boy—he didn't come back from France. And now, with Bill's going—she's afraid, all the time."

"She thinks I stole Bill from her. She hates me!"

"There, there, Norrie. Let's not fret about that tonight. And tomorrow is Easter. Wouldn't it be a good time to leave all our old fears and worries and troubles behind—just as Christ left His grave-clothes in the tomb—and walked out into the garden of His love? Maybe we'd see things different then."

Respect for Grandpa and his convictions kept Lenore silent. She knew that he went down to the Salvation Army hall twice every Sunday. She wished she had more of his spirit of gentleness and love.

After a time she spoke again.

"It's queer, Grandpa. All the qual-

ities in her that I am afraid of—her quietness, her strength, all that wonderful vitality of hers—are the very qualities that I love so in Bill."

"**P**ERFECT love casteth out fear," quoted Grandpa soberly. "It's because you aren't sure she loves you, I guess."

Yes, Grandpa was right, Lenore decided when she was once more alone.

Billy's hungry cry aroused her.

"Time for Billy's supper, Lenore."

Mrs. Cushing placed the child on the bed and folded back the little pink blanket. Her hands were strong and steady, but without tenderness. For a long moment she stood in silence, looking down into the tiny face.

"Bill's baby," she whispered at last. "He looks just like Bill did. Bill's father never saw him."

"Don't!" Lenore pressed the back of her hand against her mouth. "We

mustn't think it. Or say it either!" Her eyes were blazing like blue flames. For one courageous moment, her fear of this strong, silent woman was forgotten. "I'm trusting in Grandpa's God—or trying to. And I'm going to keep on believing that even if He should see fit to send us—sorrow—He will send us at the same time the strength to bear it."

Mrs. Cushing lifted her shoulders. "I guess God forgot me, years ago," she rejoined grimly.

Bill's mother stalked out of the room, leaving Lenore staring abstractedly down at the little dark head against her breast. "I can't stand it here any longer," she said.

Gradually her thoughts cleared, crystallizing into a firm resolve. She would write to Bill tonight. When he knew the whole story he wouldn't ask her to live here.

With this feeling of urgency still pressing upon her, Lenore wrote her letter that evening. Grandpa readily

(Continued on page 18)

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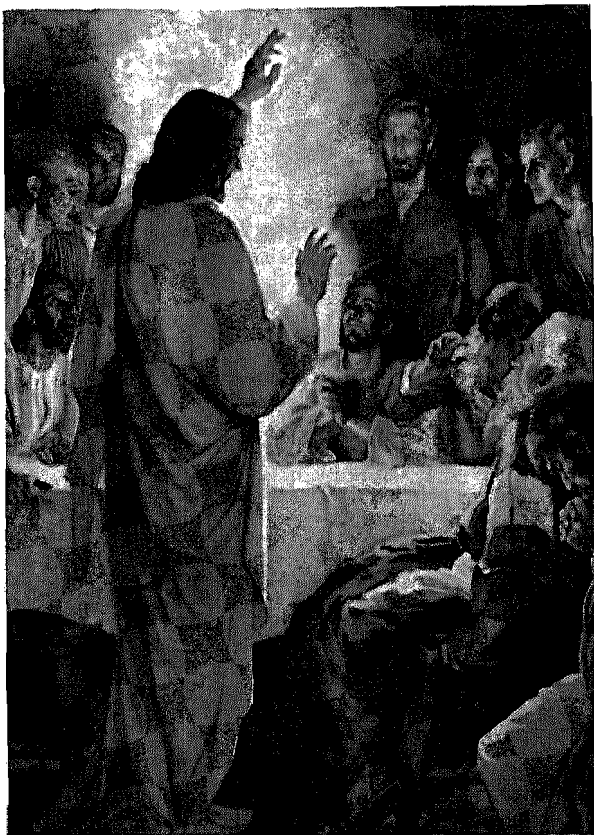
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WHEN THE WERE

By The
Salvation Army's
International
Leader
GENERAL
FREDERICK
COUTTS

the power with which He was credited.

"Do here," was the scornful challenge, "what You have done in Capernaum." The inference was that He could not. In His own setting He could be cut down to size. But the fact was that the major hindrance was not on His side but theirs. If in Nazareth He could do no mighty works it was not because of His own impotence but because of their unbelief.

ON the evening of the first Easter Day the disciples met behind closed doors. There was a reason for this. Left to themselves they feared for their own safety. What had happened to their Lord could happen to them also. Best to lie low.

But just as no stone or seal of man's devising could shut up Jesus in a tomb, so no bolts or bars could shut Him away from His friends. Here was a divine love which laughed at locksmiths. The living Lord was not to be separated from those who needed Him.

One reason why some of us lose heart in the Christian warfare is that we underrate what has been called "the magnificent might" of Him who said: "All power is given unto Me in Heaven and earth," and mistakenly suppose that there are situations from which His help is excluded. This is more of a practical than a theoretical atheism. We do not so much disbelieve His existence as deny His presence. We think that He cannot be with us when we need Him most or, even if He is with us, deny Him as powerless to help.

In the days of His flesh there were those who supposed there were

human problems beyond His wit and wisdom.

For example, there was the distracted father who brought his epileptic boy to Jesus. The Master had been away on the Mount of Transfiguration. By themselves the disciples had been powerless to help and critical onlookers had enjoyed their discomfiture; so that all the father could say when Jesus returned was: "If Thou canst do anything, have compassion on us and save us!"

But Jesus could not accept this advance questioning of His ability to help. So He picked up the phrase "If Thou canst," put it in quotes as it were, and passed it back to the father. What was lacking was not power on the part of Jesus but faith on the part of the parent. Those who want the Saviour's help must not begin by questioning His power to help.

Of course, there were others who began by doubting the power of Jesus because they wanted to write Him off anyway. This was what happened in the Master's native town where there were those who were bent on proving that the Carpenter of Nazareth had nothing like

But for those who really want the help of Jesus, nothing can keep Him out—not even fear, as in the Easter story where eleven men had but a single thought. "Let's hide ourselves. Never let it be known that we had any connection with Jesus."

Fear intimidates more than one lad or girl—and older person—to-day. That fear draws no ponderous bolts and fastens no material doors, but the fear of not conforming to a social pattern can imprison a man in a mental attitude where the sin of sins is to be out of step. It is just at this point where Jesus can break into that self-made prison and stand beside us to impart His own courage to our failing hearts.

During the occupation of the Channel Islands in the second world war one of our woman officers was imprisoned. Just before her death in 1943 at the age of thirty-eight she was released and wrote in her diary: "In prison I have found communion with the Lord and am anxious now about life outside prison. . . . My Lord, Thou art the God of the prison!"

The God of the prison! Across the years that twentieth century Salvationist would have saluted, and would have been saluted, by

DOORS SHUT

Madame Guyon, of the seventeenth century, who wrote:

They know, who thus oppress me,
'Tis hard to be alone,
But know not One can bless me
Who comes through bars of stone.
He makes my dungeon's darkness bright
And fills my spirit with delight.

Christ is not outside the walls of those fears and inhibitions of ours which surround us like a prison. He is on our side of the barriers. As with Paul in his Jerusalem cell we can say: "The Lord stood by me." And by virtue of His strengthening presence we can burst the fetters of those fears and stand free men.

If fear bolts some doors against Jesus, sin bolts many more. Habits would persuade us that we must remain the kind of men we have allowed ourselves to become. We are bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings. We resign ourselves to a fourth-rate—or fifth-rate or tenth-rate—place in the school of manhood. We are at the bottom of the class and, God pity us! have lost the desire to rise. Wretched men that we are, who shall deliver us?

The New Testament has an answer to that question. It consists of two words. "God can!"

This was what Saul Kane discovered when he walked out of "The Lion" after his encounter with Miss Bourne.

The bolted door had broken in,
I knew that I had done with sin.
I knew that Christ had given me birth
To brother all the souls on earth. . . .

O glory of the lighted mind,
How dead I'd been, how dumb, how blind.
The station brook, to my new eyes,
Was babbling out of Paradise.



The waters rushing from the rain
Were singing "Christ has risen again!"
I thought all earthly creatures knelt
From rapture at the joy I felt.

The bolted door had broken in!
The living Lord was not to be

denied His entrance into a human heart that needed Him.

Nor will He be denied His rightful entrance into yours. Not if you now pray: "O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!"

The Glory of the Lord

WITH John we can declare that "we beheld His glory" . . .

The glory of His divinity—"as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." (John 1:14.)

The glory of His salvation—"as many as received Him to them gave He power to become the sons of God." (John 1:12.)

The glory of His resurrection—"that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection." (Phil. 3:10.)

The glory of His presence—"Lo, I am with you always." (Matt. 28:20.)

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EASTER STANDS FOR HOPE

By
Arthur
Mee

Today some walls of it are standing as he left them in Dalmatia, and you can walk about in them at Spalato; and in the midst of them, in the heart of this great palace built by the man who was to stamp out Christianity, is a Christian temple.

Later, a boy named Constantine, only eighteen, heard one day that he was Emperor of the Western Empire. He set Christianity free from persecution; he put such a joy in the hearts of these poor persecuted people that they came from their hiding, crept out of their catacombs, and spread themselves throughout the earth. Their unconquerable hope had conquered; they had overcome the kingdoms of this world.

Long after that there came William Tyndale; he used to walk down Fleet Street, London, before ever a newspaper was seen there. He hoped for the day when the boy who drove

EASTER is with us again, the time of hope. It is the eternal hope of man that has impelled him forward.

It has given him strength to overthrow whatever enemies have come across his path; it has kept his heart alive through chains and slavery, against the mammoth and the bear, against the terrors of the elements, against the tooth and claws of tyranny.

The dauntless spirit of man in every age and place has been the all-sustaining force of life. Without hope the things that made your life worth living yesterday, that will make it worth living in the morning, could not have been. Even science lives from age to age and hour to hour on faith and hope. A man sets out on a voyage of discovery hoping and believing, and but for these two great pillars of religion the conquests of men in the realm of matter would have been a poet's dream.

Have you not often thought of the shadow that hung over the lives of the men who kept alive the greatest hope that this world ever had? Christianity came into the world with the world against it; men were ready to slay it with the sword. For 300 years the Roman Empire

fought the Christians and hunted them like wolves.

The Roman Empire was afraid of the great hope that the day would come when men would rule by love instead of terror, and for generations the gentlest people on

THE LATE DEARLY-LOVED WRITER OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS AND PAPERS, ARTHUR MEE, POINTS OUT IN HIS PLEASING STYLE THAT JUST AS THE DEAD AND SEEMINGLY LIFELESS TWIGS OF THE FRUIT-TREE BURGEON INTO BEAUTIFUL BLOSSOMS AT SPRINGTIME, SO EASTER CAUSES HOPE TO SURGE IN THE HUMAN HEART—HOPE THAT THIS LIFE IS NOT THE END BUT THAT THERE AWAITS AN INCREDIBLY LOVELY "SPRINGTIME" IN THE LIFE THAT IS TO COME. CHRIST IS STILL THE "HOPE OF THE WORLD," AND ALL WHO PUT THEIR FAITH IN HIM WILL LIVE FOREVER.

the earth were hunted like wild beasts.

But the hope in them endured. It endured though they were thrown to the lions, it endured through all the terrible persecutions of Diocletian, who swore that he would stamp out Christianity. He did his best to stamp it out, and then he left his throne and built the greatest palace in the world.

the plough at Charing Cross would know more of the Scriptures than the Pope of Rome: a hope, one would have thought, good enough for a bishop to sympathize with.

But there was no room in the Bishop of London's palace for Tyndale to translate the Bible, and good Humphrey Monmouth, who heard Tyndale preach in Fleet Street, took

(Continued on page 15)

MYTHS AND TRUTHS

"THE sun dances in the heavens every Easter morning," said the lady of the house.

The Lieutenant looked at me, half smiling, wondering what to make of this unusual remark, but we could both see that it was spoken in earnest.

"You don't really believe that; it's merely a superstition," I said. But all the arguments we could muster concerning the solar system, the distance of the sun, its pull of gravity, and the purposelessness of such a phenomenon availed nothing. Our friend was adamant and tenaciously affirmed that the sun dances in the sky at sunrise every Easter day.

A few mornings later we saw the early sun, and, by focusing our eyes upon it for a short while, it seemed to move slightly but quickly from side to side. With a little imagination one could even say it danced! Of course, we knew this was an illusion. When one stares at a bright object for a brief interval, it gives the impression of movement. In this sense, the sun dances all the time—not in the sky, but in the faulty impression the optic nerve carries to the brain.

I suppose such simple superstitions are really harmless. I have met a



emphatically state that Easter is the resurrection of the body.

When Jesus rose from the dead it was a bodily resurrection. That is obvious to any reader of the Word. Paul writing to Corinth says that

By Captain William Brown, Toronto

number of Christians who have entertained some strange and wonderful ideas about religion. Most of them are of little consequence. *But when the central fact of Easter is treated as a superstition by professing Christians it is of eternal consequence. The fact to which I refer is this: The resurrection of the "Body."*

A minister once suggested to me that bodily resurrection revealed physical rather than spiritual desire. Many theologians and churchgoers today concur with this, and say they believe in a spiritual resurrection (i.e. of the soul) but not a resurrection of the body.

Reader, on the authority of the New Testament I boldly and most

Christ is become the first fruits of them that slept, implying that we too shall have a similar bodily resurrection. The Apostle's Creed endorses this doctrine with the words: "I believe . . . in the resurrection of the body."

Bible scholars assert that in both the Hebrew and Greek the term "resurrection" always refers to the body, and never to the immaterial nature of man (soul or spirit). The Athenians on Mars Hill believed in a spiritual after-life, but were most sceptical of Paul's startling claim about the "resurrection of the dead." Some even mocked him.

The great Apostle told the Thessalonians that when Christ came again the "dead would be raised."

What could this be but reference to the body, as those who have died in the Lord are already in His presence and their "souls" do not need a resurrection. Thank God for this comforting truth that takes the fear and sting out of death. We can say with Job: "I know that in my flesh ('bodily form') I shall see God."

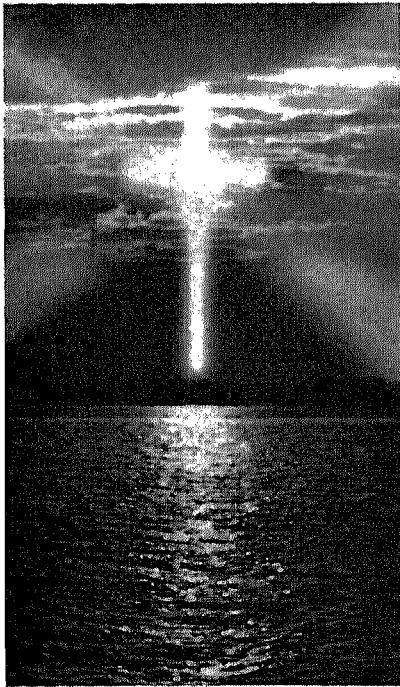
"But," says someone, "What will the resurrection body be like?" Actually, the resurrection erected body will not be particle-for-particle the same as our present form. If it were the infant would always be an infant and the cripple always a cripple. Scientists tell us that our body changes every seven years. An old man has the same body, yet a different body from that which he had when he was a young man. This paradox can be applied to the doctrine of the resurrection. The Bible says God will give us a body "as it pleases Him"—the same, yet not the same.

Paul uses the lovely analogy of seeds sown in the ground to emphasize the resurrection. He says that a seed must die (decompose) before it can flower into wheat. Now, the wheat is greater and more lovely than the seed, yet it came from the seed and could not exist without it. So is the resurrection—"This mortal shall put on immortality."

In Kenneth Taylor's *Living Letters*—the paraphrased epistles—Paul's words in 2nd Corinthians 5 are rendered: (3) "For we shall not be merely spirits without bodies . . . (4) While we are still in these bodies down here, they make us groan and sigh, but we wouldn't like to think of dying and having no bodies at all. (8) and we are not afraid, but are glad to be rid of these bodies, for then we shall be at home with the Lord."

With joyful hearts we can sing with the poet:

"No more we tremble at the grave;
For He who died our souls to save
Will raise our bodies too.
What though this earthly house shall fail,
The Saviour's power will yet prevail
And build it up anew."



THE KISS OF GOD

The boy had seen the cross, God's kiss, and he testified more eloquently than he knew, for, as the late C. S. Lewis has put it, "The central Christian belief is that Christ's death has somehow put us right with God and given us a fresh start." He has sealed his forgiveness with the kiss of reconciliation.

You have seen "God's kiss!" If you have seen the—*Triumph of truth over error*. How differently the cross of Christ affected people. Some wept over it; some sneered over it; some wondered at it; some despised it; some gloried in it, and many do so today, for they can see in that sacrifice and the subsequent resurrection of our Lord a triumph of truth over error. It is estimated that approximately forty million people die on the earth each year. If that number is multiplied by all the hundreds of years that have passed, the total

Roman court. Nevertheless, the prisoner was charged with treason against the emperor, found not guilty and "handed over to be crucified."

J. C. McRuer, Chief Justice of the Ontario Supreme Court, states in his book, *Trial of Jesus*: "In all the annals of legal history, it would be difficult to find another case in which a prisoner who had been declared 'not guilty' by a court of competent jurisdiction, was delivered to the executioner by the judge who had acquitted him."

It happened with Jesus. But, let us humbly witness this love in action; this victory of love over sin; and see the light that falls upon our doubts and problems as love speaks to us in our need, in His love from the cross.

What did the little boy say? "God's kiss is straight up." So it is! Standing on Calvary's hill and pointing

WHO was there on that first Good Friday? There is a sense in which we must all say, "I was there when they crucified my Lord"; for Calvary was not just an event in time, but it is an eternal drama of the tension between wrong and right, and we are always there, on one side or the other.

We must remember, too, that Calvary is personal. It is true that the sin of the world took our Lord to the Cross, but we cannot escape our responsibility for that dastardly act, simply by an accident of time. Every one of us personally shared the spirit of indifference, neglect, greed and compromise, as did those who actually nailed Him there.

But, thanks be to God, many there are who, as they look back at that Calvary scene can say, "I have seen the cross and Jesus dying there for me, and I am free." Colonel George B. Smith in his book, *For the ordinary man*, tells the story of a small boy who was taken to church by his aunt. When the service was over, the little chap could hardly contain his excitement as he asked eagerly; "Auntie, did you see God's kiss?"

"What do you mean," she replied.

"I saw it—God's kiss on the window at the end of the church. I make my kisses crooked when I put them on letters, but God's kiss is straight up."

by Colonel H. G. Wallace, *Chief Secretary*

number of deaths will run into billions. For this great concourse of souls, there was One who would even dare to die.

"He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good;"

And He rose again from the grave to live through the centuries in the hearts of the believers as a constant demonstration that they too can triumph over sinning and sin.

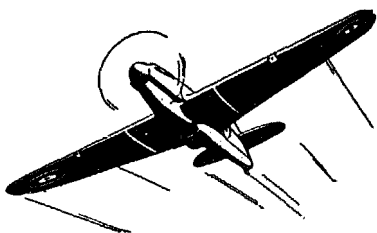
You have seen "God's kiss"! Then you will have also seen the *Victory of love over sin*. When Jesus came down from the safety of rebellious Galilee, they secretly arrested Him. He was then framed by an illegal court, which, unable to carry out the death sentence, succeeded in pressuring a weakling governor into complying with its demands. The whole catalogue of illegality was complete. Jesus Christ, the innocent, was betrayed to His enemies for thirty pieces of silver; beaten and tortured by His custodians; illegally tried in the highest court and illegally convicted of blasphemy against God, a conviction never confirmed in the

upward toward the Eternal, its arms are outstretched to embrace the whole world, including YOU.

TO FOLLOW THEE

By Francis H. Rose

ALL human progress up to God
Has stained the stairs of time
with blood;
For every gain for Christendom
Is bought by someone's martyrdom.
For us He poured the crimson cup,
And bade us take and drink it up;
Himself He poured to set us free.
Help us, O Christ, to drink with Thee.
Ten thousand saints come thronging
home,
From lion's den and catacomb.
The fire and sword and beasts defied;
For Christ, their King, they gladly died.
With eye of faith we see today
That cross-led column wind its way
Up life's repeated Calvary.
We rise, O Christ, to follow Thee!



THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED!



*A Story of World War II
with an Easter Application*

IT was during the dark days of World War II that I listened to a testimony given by a young Salvationist airman that moved me deeply. The occasion was a Sunday meeting the week after the Easter period, and he described how, as a member of a bomber crew, he was flying high above the clouds on Easter morning, and was depressed because he was missing the joys he

preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

It is said that when Rembrandt painted his famous picture of the two disciples of the Emmaus road in their dwelling-place, that Jesus

This reaction was shared by others who viewed it. Later, the figure of Christ was painted in as portraying the living Saviour, with the marks of the nails in His hands.

And so it is that we must not think of Jesus Christ in the abstract—a dangerous trend in some schools of thought—but as the living PERSON who is the divine answer to the need of man today. May there be a shout in the heart this Easter-tide, and let us be prepared to voice our belief that "The Lord is Risen Indeed."

The late Doctor Sangster, who it was my privilege to know personally, suffered a serious illness in the latter part of his life that robbed him of the use of his voice. On the last Easter morning of his life he wrote to his daughter and said how sad it was that he was unable to shout "He is risen!" but then, he wrote, how much more sad it would be to have a voice and not want to shout it. Let us all give a new emphasis to the fact of the Resurrection of Christ Jesus, for "THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED!"

**By The Territorial Commander
COMMISSIONER EDGAR GRINSTED**

had known in singing resurrection hymns. Then he turned the radio on, and to his delight heard a congregation singing *Up From the Grave He arose*, with band accompaniment. It was an Army meeting, and the effect upon him was such that he realized as never before that Christ had truly risen from the dead. He joined in the singing of the congregation some thousands of feet below, and felt he could shout "Hallelujah! Christ arose!"

It is to be noted that in Luke's account of the resurrection, the two disciples, after their meeting with the risen Christ on the road to Emmaus, "found the eleven together" and said "The Lord is Risen indeed." Now the word "indeed" is powerful in emphasis and expressive in character. It means in truth, and in reality, and indicates antithesis of incredulity.

The Church fathers were surely God inspired and divinely led in establishing the festival of Easter, as this season is a call to all true Christians to reaffirm their faith in the mighty miracle of the resurrection. Dear reader, can you say as those of old with sincerity and conviction and emphasis—"The Lord is risen indeed!"? This truth is central to the true spirit and experience of Christianity. Paul surely realized this in his striking assertion "And if Christ be NOT risen, then is our

was represented as a light with a cross in the middle, in the first painting. The artist was dissatisfied and felt that it lacked reality and appeal.



THE COMMISSIONER waves happily to Salvationists gathered on the docks at Montreal on his arrival in Canada in August, 1964.

NAZARENE'S TOME

QUAKE RENDS CITY AS PROPHET SUCCUMBS

Dies Nobly In Place Of Gang Leader

GOLGOTHA—This bleak suburb of Jerusalem, scene of the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth last Friday, became the centre of excited interest today as reports of the Nazarene's alleged "resurrection" swept the Jewish capital.

Hordes of spectators, many of whom were present at the death of him who claimed to be the Jews' Messiah, roved curiously over Calvary Hill. They had come to view the scene.

Despite efforts of the soldiers to disperse them they gathered in clusters and discussed the crucifixion, and the events leading up to it.

Among the crowd were visitors from distant parts, come to Jerusalem to attend the Passover feast, but apparently more drawn to Calvary than to the Temple and its ornate worship.

Many openly averred that the trial before Pilate was illegally conducted, that the Nazarene was "framed" by leaders of the Sanhedrin, that the Governor displayed conduct unbecoming to a Procurator in weakly giving way to a mob of hecklers said to have been hired by priests, whose crookedness Jesus had fearlessly condemned.

Unable to control the situation, Pilate is said to have provided the farce with a melodramatic though unconvincing gesture by calling for a basin, and publicly washing his hands of the matter. He is quoted as crying out above the rabble: "I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it!"

"The Daily News" correspondent, upon interviewing several persons in the crowd, found a rising spirit of indignation against the crucifixion and a mounting sympathy for the prophet. Some scoffed at the "resurrection" theory, but among those who had seen Jesus die were many who apparently were convinced of the rumour's truth.

"I stood near the cross," said one man, "I watched him hanging there, forgetful of his suffering while he spoke comfortingly to the thief by his side, heard him talk to God and ask forgiveness for his murderers. No grave could hold a spirit like that!"

Betrayer's Body Found

His body swinging grotesquely in the morning breeze, all that remains of Judas, "betrayer" of Jesus and former treasurer of the Nazarene's company of disciples, was found early yesterday. A coroner's jury brought in a verdict of suicide.

Indications are that this act, final episode in the life of a man apparently misunderstood and little liked by his fellow-disciples, followed a cataclysm of remorse.

According to the chief priests and elders, Judas, half-crazed by the full realization of his traitorous act on Friday, tried to return to them the thirty pieces of silver paid him for his service. Receiving no encouragement in his "repentance," he cast the blood-money on the floor of the temple, causing "great embarrassment" to the ecclesiastics.

Historian Cites Prophecies

TARSUS—New and enlightening data concerning the prophet of Nazareth who was crucified in Jerusalem last Friday has been unearthed by Gamaliel, noted student of Jewish history.

"The records of the Jews, both sacred and profane," states Gamaliel, "contain information which largely substantiates the young prophet's claims concerning himself. His most amazing statement; namely, that he was born of a virgin, is verified by no less an authority than the Prophet Isaiah, who foretold this very thing: 'Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign; Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel.'"

"And a lesser prophet, Micah, corroborates the word of Isaiah: 'Out of thee (Bethlehem) shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler of Israel.' In the sacred writings of Zechariah we find further proof: 'Behold, thy King cometh unto thee: He is just, and having salvation: lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass.' This is exactly what

Quake Inexplicable

"Beyond explanation" was the only comment obtainable from weather bureau experts who were asked today to account for the strange and disastrous earthquake and pall of darkness which created such havoc in Jerusalem and its environs last Friday.

Though the men of science were not willing to label the disaster "supernatural," they freely admitted to being "greatly mystified."

Claiming that official records contain no parallel to the disaster, local meteorologists simply stated: "We had absolutely no warning. The bureau's sensitive instruments hitherto have been utterly reliable in announcing the imminence of storms. But this disaster came like a lightning stroke from a clear sky. It was uncanny!"

happened only a week ago when Jesus was hailed as a 'king.'

"In tracing the lineage of the comparatively unknown Nazarene, it is amazing to find that he is actually a descendant of the royal family of King David."

Complete verification of the statements made by Gamaliel, observers claim, would revolutionize the entire concept of the Jewish nation concerning the man just put to death, and would form a grave threat to the rule of the established priesthood, under whose condemnation Jesus was brought to trial and put to death.



CROWDS thronged the street to his death at the usual southern gates of the city.

Friendship Ex

Joseph of Arimathea, tocrat and prominent citizen, placed the body of the Nazarene in the tomb, told today why this gesture of friendship "All that mattered to me was that I must save the common ditch-dweller and others of the crucifixion safely in the tomb before the Sabbath, as our law

GUEST EDITORIAL BY COUNCIL

LAST Friday the city of Jerusalem witnessed what we believe was a crime: A man whose spotless record contained nothing but good of crookedness in high places, suffered an unfair trial and a felonious everlasting shame by remembering that the voice Pilate heard on that day was the voice of the Nazarene.

Today a mysterious sequel to that shameful murder arises to the followers an exultant hope. The prophet's tomb is empty!

What does that empty tomb mean? Pilate and the religious leaders by the disciples. On the face of it, that explanation seems too good to be remembered that after Friday's event the disciples were too feeble, too weak, blundering and frightened to attempt so hazardous a small army of prize soldiers set to guard the tomb. Moreover, it is their master's insistence that he would rise from the dead, never more, if indeed these soldiers did fall asleep while on duty—what of the proud Romans' reputation as soldiers?

What, then, does that empty tomb mean? If it means, as the Nazarene quered death," then we have today the most stupendous story ever told with the question: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Has it indeed the Son of God, the long-promised Messiah, as he claimed to be?

We do not know for sure. The facts are not yet all in, but,

3 FOUND EMPTY!



Streets of Jerusalem as the Man of Galilee—Jesus—went to execution site—the Place of a Skull, just outside the city. Soon after this scene, Jesus collapsed under the weight of the cross.

FOLLOWERS CLAIM DEATH CHEATED

SHAKEN to its foundations by news that the tomb of Jesus, crucified Nazarene prophet, has been found empty, this city today is seething with speculation.

Did the gentle teacher, whose words and miraculous deeds stirred Palestine for the past three years, actually "conquer death" as his disciples insistently claim? Or was his body spirited away, under the very noses of a heavy Roman guard, as Governor Pilate and members of the Jewish Sanhedrin assert?

Jerusalem, filled with a record crowd of visitors attending the annual Passover celebration at the Temple, may be a long time finding the correct answer. But this fact remains: the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, in which the body of Jesus was placed last Friday, is empty!

A correspondent for "The Daily News" visited the tomb early this morning. The stone, a heavy circular mass of granite, which had been sealed against marauders with the Roman seal, was rolled away. Inside, the tomb was utterly lacking in that disorder usually left by grave-robbers. The grave clothes were left intact.

Outside stood soldiers, keeping back the curious crowds. One soldier, as though repeating a rehearsed speech, explained over and over again: "His disciples stole the body while we slept."

At Pilate's palace the same story was given. It was somewhat discounted, however, by a soldier who admitted privately to the "News" reporter that the chief priests and elders had paid a large bribe to the soldiers for telling this version.

The disciples of the slain prophet, on the other hand, told a straight, though almost unbelievable story. Located in an obscure upper room, they declared that Jesus had not only risen from the grave, but had appeared to them.

"He had told us many times," they said, "that he would rise again on the third day. But we didn't believe it. We were bewildered and bereft at his crucifixion. Our dreams were shattered. Then he came to us—alive!"

First to see him, according to the disciples, was Mary of Magdala, a

Seen By Two Followers

EMMAUS—Cleopas and another resident of this village—both disciples of Jesus, the young prophet who was crucified on Friday—reported in great excitement this morning to the local correspondent of "The Daily News" that they had received a supernatural visitation yesterday while journeying to Emmaus.

According to their report, as they walked a stranger joined them. He engaged them in conversation concerning the unusual crucifixion, and, apparently well-versed in Scriptural knowledge, quoted prophecies from the sacred writing which seemed to bear out recent happenings.

When they reached their destination (they report) he made himself known unto them as Jesus, claiming to have risen from the dead, then suddenly disappeared from their presence.

notorious woman of that city, whom Jesus had turned into a devout follower.

Later today, according to the disciples, he entered the upper room, where the disciples were hiding, and convinced even the most sceptical that he was not simply a spirit, but a flesh-and-blood man returned from the grave.

At the Temple, however, the priests and elders today busied themselves with the Passover celebrations. Animals filled the outer court. The voices of the money-changers and sellers of doves, the trumpets calling the faithful, the bleating of sheep being slain for sacrifice, the chants of the Passover ritual—all served to take the minds of worshippers off the disturbing rumours.

But throughout the city, meanwhile, the conviction spreads that this man, once called "the Lamb of God," has not only risen from the grave but is Israel's long-promised Messiah.

Explained Centurion Resigns

Announcement of the resignation of Longinus, chief centurion in charge of the detail of soldiers supervising the crucifixion of Jesus, was made today.

Even more startling, however, was the statement that Longinus had allied himself with Jesus' disciples.

Observers at Calvary last Friday will recall the centurion's ringing declaration: "Surely this man was the son of God!"

TEACHER NICODEMUS

will go down in history as the world's most atrocious deed, seasoned with some wholesome condemnation of his death on Calvary. We can only avoid a sense of pitying "Crucify him!" was not the voice of the people. It haunts his slayers and to awaken in the hearts of his

leaders claim that the body of the Nazarene was stolen in a fit of laziness and too shallow for thinking men to accept. It must be a plot, too bewildered to concoct so feeble a fable, a venture—a venture entailing the overthrow of the established order. It has been well established that the disciples, despite their unbelief, really believed that he would or could do so. Furthermore, there has been no court-martial, no wholesale purge

facts would seem to attest, that Jesus has indeed "conquered death," printed by any newspaper. Men have long toyed with the Galilean prophet settled it once for all? Was he a dreamer?

until they are, we prefer to believe the disciples' version.

We Must Hold on to the ATONEMENT!

WE must hold on to the Atonement because of the marvelous revelation it conveys of the love of God to man.

You have proof of it in the salvation and preservation of His people, in their sanctification, warfare and final triumph over death and Hell.

It was the manifestation of Jesus Christ upon the Cross in anguish and blood which made all this glory possible. If you want to know the love of God, go and look at Him dying on the Tree!

... because it supplies the spirit and incentive to love God in return.

As I kneel before His form on the Tree and remember who He was and why He came there, I can do no other than say from the depths of my being:

*Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all,*

... because of the picture it presents of the majesty of the divine law, and the importance of its maintenance.

As I look upon the suffering Christ I am not only compelled to think of the high estimate God sets upon the law that keeps the universe in order, but my heart bounds to render obedience.

... because of the revelation it makes of the evil of sin.

If I were permitted to witness the agonizing miseries that sin brings upon men in this life, if I could walk over the battlefields, through prisons, workhouses, slums and other places of vice and crime, I would get some idea of how evil and bitter a thing it is to sin.

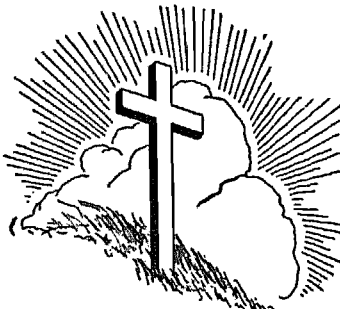
If I were permitted to go down into Hell itself and witness the terrible sufferings and miseries of lost souls, I would get some idea of the

terrible consequences which follow the transgression of the holy law of God. But I could not find a more telling expression of the evil nature of sin as I see when I behold my Saviour on the Tree, and know that it was sin that nailed Him there.

... because of the fire of compassion and love for the sinning, suffering bodies and souls of men it has kindled in the hearts of those who yield themselves to its influence.

... because of the fullness of the Holy Spirit's influences it has made possible to men.

... because of the preparation for Heaven it makes possible in the hearts and characters of all classes and conditions of men.



Think of the multitude which no man can number already assembled there who have washed their robes, and the multitudes more who will avail themselves of the same blessed preparation.

To take the Atonement out of the Bible would not only rob the sacred volume of its chief interest, but rob it of its power to bless. Without the Atonement the Bible would cease to be the light of the world, and would virtually vanish.

... because its loss would deprive multitudes of the most powerful motive to holiness.

... because it constitutes our most powerful weapon in the fight with the godless crowds, in the market-places, in the halls, theatres, brothels, public-houses or wherever we find them. Christ living, suffering, dying for them is the most powerful reason we can present in favour of their submission and salvation.

... because the loss of it would spoil every song we sing. If there was no Atonement we should soon abandon singing, and the river of our peace would cease to flow, and joy of our religion would come to naught.

... because of the door of mercy that it flings open for all mankind.

Millions have entered with the sentiment in their hearts that we express by our song, "His Blood can make the vilest clean."

... because of the example the Saviour's character furnishes for imitation.

Nowhere in the history of the race have we any human being to whom we can point and say—Take not only the precepts of His mouth as your guide, but the example of His life as your pattern.

... because of the material, mental and spiritual blessing that stream from it throughout the dark-desolate world.

... because the objections now raised are as antiquated as the Sadducees. They are unscriptural, anti-Christian and in opposition to the experience of every man who has been converted.

We are not going to give it up!

... because it is the greatest and grandest thing in God's universe. Where should we be without the Cross? My precious comrades, let us avail ourselves, in our own hearts and lives and labours, to the uttermost of the fullness of the salvation and the conquering power that the Atonement of our Lord Jesus Christ makes possible to us.

Let us one and all resolve that, with renewed energy and increased enthusiasm, we will proclaim its redeeming virtues and glory in Christ crucified.

By The Founder of The Salvation Army

The Dedication of Danny

IT is Sunday morning at the citadel. The sun, through a south-east window, is laying bars of gold across the platform, and, striking the band instruments, makes of the polish silver a many-splendored thing. A warm and happy atmosphere prevails; the holiness meeting is an hour of family worship. A young couple rise from their place and move down the aisle toward the front, mother bearing a snowy-white bundle. The congregation stands to sing

O Father, Friend of all mankind,
Our prayer with thankful hearts we sing
As joyfully our little child,
In Jesus' name, to Thee we bring.

Reaching the platform, the happy parents, with their first-born in arms, stand beside the officer. The Army flag is brought and raised behind and above them. The scene is set for the ceremony of infant dedication.

Of all our Army practices and usages, this is perhaps the tenderest. To witness it is a blessing; to conduct the ceremony is to be conscious of handling the holy. For these people have come to dedicate this life to God, to tell Him that they have great dreams for this little one, and that out of all the possibilities that life offers, they choose for him, ask for him, pray for him, that he may belong to Jesus. They feel themselves stewards of a sacred trust. They are prepared to pinch for years to come that he may have his chance. They publicly pledge themselves to nurture him in the faith. Grant us that, they say, and all the rest we leave with Thee.

The future is all unknown, of course, but it is understood that the baby does have a future; the ceremony so implies. The officer reads, by way of a charge to the parents,

"You must be willing that this child should spend all his life for God, wherever He may choose to send him, and not withhold him at any time from such hardship, suffering, want or sacrifice as true devotion to the service of Christ and The Salvation Army may entail."

By
Major
Edward
Read,
Toronto



Clearly, everyone expects the baby to live.

But what can be said to parents who do not expect their child to live? Who, indeed, are informed by their physicians that he cannot live? Occasionally it is an officer's duty to minister to such.

Sadness was all the more poignant in one home because it followed much gladness. A little boy had arrived, the only son in the family, to join his several sisters. Mother and Dad loved all their girls, of course, but "Danny-boy" was the answer to many fond hopes and longings. He was only hours old when their dreams were dashed. The doctor made his unhappy disclosure; the baby had sustained a brain hemorrhage, and could not live more than a few days. Distraught, the father called me to the hospital. I found the parents groping their way toward an acceptance of this blow. Mother spoke first. "Captain," she requested, "would you dedicate the baby? Please? I know we can't take him to the hall, but I'd like you to do it right here in the hospital."

I hesitated. Was it her fear, I wondered, that if the child died without dedication he could find no place in the Father's House? I took some pains to explain that, quite apart from the benefit of any ministrations of mine, the morally unaccountable are covered by the atonement. We may trust all such to infinite love. The Judge of all the earth shall certainly do right.

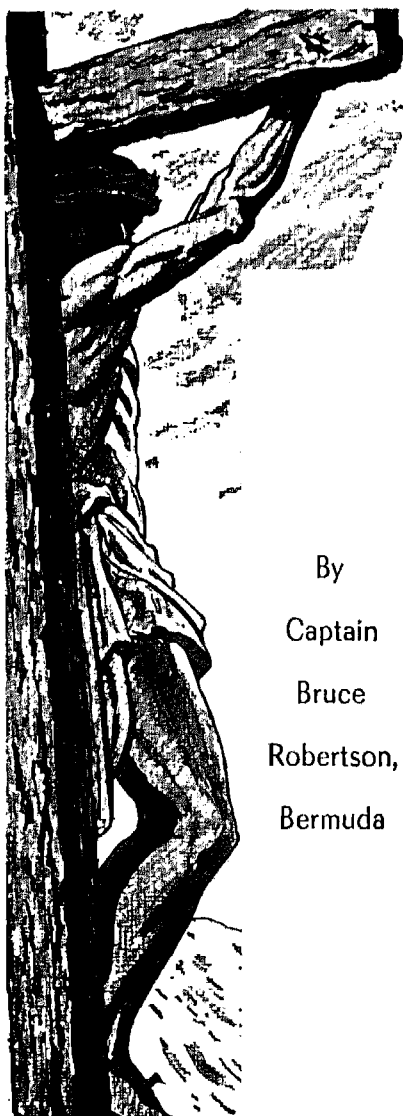
"No," mother assured me, "I am not confused on that point. I just felt that it would be good to give him back to God before he is taken." Of course she was right. For believing parents, the dedication of their children is always right.

"Most of us are Christians," says Arthur John Gossip finely, "not because, with gallant intrepidity and valour, we cut our way through intellectual problems and menacing difficulties, but simply because our father and mother, one or both, were in Christ before us, and when we were small, turned our faces in His direction and made Him a great fact for us, so that we could not wander from Him, and forget Him, and be satisfied—for long."

And even if the child does not live, the ceremony must certainly please the Lord, for it expresses the conviction that He cares. With or without dedication, the children are dear to Him. The public ceremony honours Him by acknowledging that love.

Arrangements were quickly made. I donned a surgical mask and gown, and for the first time in my life since infancy, entered that sanctuary of babyhood, the nursery on the maternity floor. A nurse moved the incubator closer to the viewing window, outside which father stood, quietly controlling his grief. The infant must not be removed from the warmth and oxygen, so I laid a miniature Army tri-colour on the glass top of his tiny house. I opened

(Continued on page 17)



By
Captain
Bruce
Robertson,
Bermuda

WHEN GOD WAS SILENT

text, "God, forsaken of God!" Luther knew that the Man, Jesus of Nazareth was, in fact, "Very God of very God." Let us remind ourselves however, that the reason He could utter this call was that He was also "Very man of very man." Someone has said that Jesus had to become man in order to be capable of dying. In the words of Hebrews 2: "In Jesus we see one, who, for a short while, was made lower than the angels. He suffered death so that, by God's gracious will in tasting death, He should stand for us all. He had to be made like these brothers of His in every way so that He might be merciful and faithful as their high priest before God to expiate the sins of the people."

A Unique Victim

Be reminded then, that this is no mere prophet receiving the unfortunate results of his outspoken teachings. This Man is not just a martyr laying his life upon the noble altar of sacrifice-for-a-cause. Of all the millions of victims Rome had hung upon the tormenting stake, this One is unique. Never before and never again will nail, thorn and spear pierce, or human eyes despise, ignore or pity so singular a Sufferer. The lips which now give vent to this grievous inquiry are the same lips which said, "I lay down My life that I might take it again. No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down and I have power to take it again."

Recognizing then that the Man Jesus—because His nature is that of the infinite God—has an infinite and measureless capacity to suffer, why this sudden, tormented call? If this is in truth "The Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," what can we make of the idea that He is completely forsaken in this moment? Admittedly he is misunderstood, hated, plotted against, unjustly tried, condemned, and now hangs there as the victim of an evil system. But surely no man has ever been totally forsaken by the God of whom David said, "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit, or whither shall

I flee from Thy Presence? If I ascend up into Heaven, Thou art there: If I make my bed in Sheol, Thou art there." But again, one must see—here is no ordinary man.

The fact is that, in this horrifying moment, the Master IS forsaken by God. The exquisite and intimately personal, "Abba, Father" has now given way to the tortured inquiry of the Son, who, in the spasm of mortal agony, must ask, "Father, why have You left Me alone in this hour?" As the angelic hosts tremble and fear to look upon this scene of utter desolation, the Eternal God turns His face away from His only begotten Son. What poor human words can ever capture the realities which lie hidden in this pathetic moment?

Surely this is the moment referred to by Paul, when, in the second Corinthian letter, he exclaims, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself, no longer holding men's deeds against them. Christ was innocent of sin and yet, for our sake, God made Him one with the sinfulness of men, so that we might be made one with the goodness of God Himself."

An Innocent Victim

All eloquent poetry, prose or even Scripture concerning the love of God now fade away into eclipse when we recognize that Jesus hung there for no sin of His own. The human but divine Son of God had not merited one twinge of the fate which was now upon Him. That limitless capacity to suffer, that infinite tenderness and sensitivity were now being tested most deeply, but not because of any sin which He had done. It was for you, for me, for the world. Oh, let us know with our minds, by all means, but let us also experience with our souls this magnificent, amazing love.

See in the pain-wracked form of Jesus Christ the inevitable consequences, the logical, irresistible, irrevocable consequence of sin. He was no sinner, but in the perfect counsels of God He had consented

(Continued on page 15)

IF the events of the cross seem to us to pass quickly, we need to remind ourselves that to the Sufferer they must have passed with unutterable slowness. It is with deep sorrow that we approach the climax of that six-hour agony. Mother earth has been shrouded in darkness for about three hours; the watchers have lost the keen interest which they earlier manifested. Suddenly, the silent Sufferer cries aloud the words which constitute the basis for our meditations: "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?" which means, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken Me?"

Here at what we might call, humanly speaking, the ending of His life, He cries this strange cry. In this supreme hour of human history, the lonely victim bears, unaided, the full weight of human weakness.

Martin Luther is reputed to have explained, as he preached upon this

Easter Stands For Hope

(Continued from page 6)

him to his house for half a year.

There Tyndale toiled and toiled to fulfil his hope, but still there was no room for him in England; and with ten pounds that Monmouth gave him he went to Germany, and there, in that place now so lost to hope and liberty, the hope of Tyndale came a little nearer to fulfilment; and at last his Bible came back to England—to be publicly burned outside St. Paul's Cathedral!

Hope has had some great adventures: who will write its story? There was a little boy who used to watch the ships arrive at Genoa, and, listening to the sailor's tales of things he saw and did not see, his heart was fired so that when he grew up he set out with his little boy to walk to Spain.

He would call at night at a monastery for a meal of bread and water and a rest, and at last he reached the Court of Spain, where his hope raised sneers and laughter among the wise men round the King. His name became a byword in Madrid. Bishops mocked him in the Court, children mocked him in the street; but his hope endured, and in the end Queen Isabella sold her jewels to buy three ships, in which this man set out.

His men mutinied and threatened

to throw him into the sea, but he overcame them, and one day there came floating toward the mutineers as strange a sight as a man could dream about—a bird sitting on a floating nest, full of eggs. Hope was coming true. Soon they saw a light; soon they saw land. The mutineers went down on their knees and Columbus stepped ashore and kissed the earth. He had found America.

But there is no end to hope—it will live in the heart when most other things are dead. "Will you leave me the stars?" a woman cried in mockery to the French Revolutionists who had bereft her of all earthly things.

There are always the stars, and they seem to say to those who read them right, *The night is long that never finds the day.*

G. F. Watts painted a noble picture called Hope sitting in solitude, playing on the last string of a broken harp; and hope will find music still when the last string breaks.

It will never end; it is never beaten. It will spring up anew though it be buried; it will revive and strengthen though it be burned; it will endure though all the powers of evil turn against it. It is the thing that will not die and never yet has lost a fight.

When God Was Silent

(Continued on page 14)

to be made sin, or, one with the sinner, for our sakes. And here was the outcome—the total agony of experiencing the final separation from God which must be the lot of all who reject Christ. Glad in the lowly robes of His humiliation, our Lord had, in this hour, reached that terrible extremity of soul-anguish, for the presence of the Father had been taken from Him.

This is the cry of one who had reached the deepest abyss of sorrow. May we solemnly and affectionately remember that "The Man of Sorrows" had now to confess the lack of the Father's encouraging presence. Who has ever known such sorrow as this?

As we kneel reverently before the cross, with the echo of that cry in

our hearts, it must come forcibly that—to this tortured cry—there was no reply—no reply, unless it was the sob of a disciple, the irresponsible jeer of a careless bystander, or the rattle of dice as the ignorant Romans gambled for his cloak. From the Father there was no reply. Only silence—misty and foreboding. This was the passing of the point of no return. Soon the ordeal would be over.

And so He died. For a season the world lay in profound gloom. But, hallelujah! it did not long remain. God's anger had been turned away. He had hidden His face; now He reveals it in all its grandeur. The stone was rolled away and Christ came forth—the Conqueror of Death.

News Items

(Continued from page 11)

PROMINENT PHARISEE

Nicodemus, well-known lawyer and Pharisee, today admitted that he is a secret follower of Jesus. Confronted with a direct question as to his allegiance, which had been suspected after he was seen with Joseph of Arimathea carrying away the body of the Nazarene, he told of having visited Jesus one night some months ago.

"What he explained to me that night convinced me," said Nicodemus. "For the first time I learned that my religious affiliations were not enough. He told me that I 'must be born again'."

LEADERS REFUSE TO COMMENT

The attitude of the Jewish priests and the members of the Sanhedrin when quizzed about the crucifixion and the reported resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth was characterized early today by a strict silence.

Learning that late last Thursday night Jesus had been taken directly to the house of Annas, father-in-law of Caiaphas, the High Priest, a statement was sought early today. Annas refused to comment on the proceedings.

Likewise silent was Caiaphas himself, in whose home Jesus was compelled to appear before all the chief priests, scribes and elders of his faith directly following the examination by Annas.

Members of the Jewish Sanhedrin were equally reluctant to commit themselves.

CRUCIFIED "KING OF JEWS" REPORTED ALIVE

The unconfirmed rumour of the "resurrection" of the strange young teacher who was crucified last Friday has brought to mind certain mystifying statements he is reported to have made.

During a recent visit to Galilee he openly declared that "the Son of man is delivered into the hands of men, and they shall kill him; and . . . he shall rise the third day." At another time, after forcibly driving the money-changers out of the temple, he said: "Destroy this temple (speaking of his body), and in three days I will raise it up."

On another occasion, accurately foretelling the events which have just occurred, he said to his followers: "Behold, we go up to Jerusalem; and the son of man shall be betrayed . . . and they shall condemn him to death, and shall . . . crucify him; and the third day he shall rise again."

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which everyone has many—not on your past misfortunes, of which all have some.

Let us seek God often by faith. He is with us; seek Him not elsewhere.—Brother Lawrence.



The STIGMA

By
Captain
Maxwell Ryan,
New Waterford, N.S.

SIMON of Cyrene was embarrassed and angry. His bronzed face flushed a deeper hue and his eyes, beneath bushy brows, sparked their hatred. The big man planted his feet more firmly in the dust and spat his contempt.

The Roman soldiers, intent only on getting this unpleasant job over quickly, stared impassively and grabbed him by the arms. In a flat monotone one of them cursed this son of the Liberian desert.

The centurion's barked command hung like a heavy threat in the air as Simon, with stiff reluctance, stooped and tugged at the cross. The rough wood scraped harshly over the stones while Simon placed the cross-piece on his shoulder. His mind seethed with bitter, dark thoughts, especially toward the Criminal whose cross he was carrying.

Jesus had been up all night. With a controlled spirit He had faced the mockery of a farcical trial and had watched justice sacrificed on the altar of expediency. Now He was weary, and He stumbled as the heat of the burning sun and the noise of the crowd pressed in with insistence.

Simon's eyes encompassed in one fierce glance the form of Jesus—the dusty feet; the seamless robe now soiled and sweat-stained; the calloused hands; the head bowed with exhaustion. The indignity of this enforced labour precluded any sympathy. Shame and a choking hatred saw to that!

Golgotha was near now, and the anguished wailing of the women shrieked to a new crescendo. Three men, each bent under a cross, and One with them moved relentlessly to the place called "The Skull."

God was in the spectacle, however! Soon the veil in the temple would be ripped by no earthly hands from top to bottom. No longer would animal blood need to drip from the altar of sacrifice. The Lamb of God, slain from the foundation of the world, would die in time to rise for eternity. And as Simon bore His cross, Jesus was preparing Himself to bear Simon's sin and the sin of Adam's race.

Heavy darkness prematurely shrouded the sun. The loose chatter and ribald taunts were silenced as a great foreboding gripped each heart. Simon gazed as one transfixed, held by a strange compulsion. It was not the sight of dying men, for he had seen the brutal power of death tear the fabric of life too often.

A loud cry was flung to the black heavens: "Father, into Thy hands I commend by Spirit!" and the body on the centre cross sagged limply. Simon, the cross-bearer, flexed his aching shoulders. He agreed with the centurion: "Truly this man was the Son of God!" The stigma of the cross was lost; the glory of the faith was found.

Yet God has not changed. Even as succeeding centuries of sin and grace bear lightly the prudent touch of the historian, men still believe that "this Man was the Son of God." The transcendent glory of the faith is yours—only when you bear your cross.

Thirty Pieces of Silver

THEY sold my Lord for silver,
He, who their sick could heal
Why were they not so thankful
That they to Him would kneel?

They sold my Lord for silver,
He, who restored their sight
Oh, could they not be grateful
And praise Him for His might?

They sold my Lord for silver,
He, who forgave their sin
Why could they not receive Him
And bid Him enter in?

They sold my Lord for silver,
He, who for them did die
Why did they say "Barabbas"
And not Jesus Crucify?

They sold my Lord for silver,
And yet He all forgave
And died upon the cruel Cross
Poor sinners for to save.

—(Mrs.) Nellie Stoodley, King's Point


A PLEA FOR ALL MANKIND

THE Saviour gave His life for men,
With love that was beyond their ken;
He died that grace to us might come,
That we no more from God should roam.

Alas! How men reject His grace!
Go their own ways in things so base;
Neglect His truth and spurn His love,
And through unrecognized darkness rove.

Oh that mankind would seek His way,
That love and truth their lives would sway;
That all on earth His grave would find,
And Christ would rule in every mind.

—Paul Murray (Capt.), Digby, N.S.



The Army's ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY

THIS Easter edition of the Canadian WAR CRY is different from all that have preceded it. It marks the centenary of The Salvation Army—or at least, the mission that evolved into the Army. It was in June, 1865, that a tall, dark, intense man, clad in the black garb of a minister, strode along Whitechapel Road, a wide busy street in the heart of London's slummy east end.

William Booth was seeking a niche in life. He had left the church of his choice four years previously because he felt called to an evangelistic itinerant ministry, and the church leaders insisted that he "stay put," and forget about conducting revival campaigns. When this edict was made known to him publicly in the Methodist conference at Liverpool, a clear voice was heard from the spectator's gallery. It was William's wife, mother of his four children, who called out "never!" supplying

just the spark he needed to decide that he could not—and would not—submit to an unreasonable repression. It must have been a moment of exhilaration, coupled with anxiety, when he and Mrs. Booth left the building together, and stepped out into the world—penniless and homeless.

However, preaching tours—accompanied by great success in soul-saving—kept soul and body together for a few years, Mrs. Booth devoting her speaking talents to conducting separate campaigns, or in drawing-room meetings among the elite in London's West end.

Then came William's expedition into the east end, and his being asked to be the leader of a small band of missionaries who were conducting open-air meetings on Whitechapel Road, and a tent crusade on a disused burying-ground. The mission rapidly expanded, taking any

kind of hall for its meetings, and attracting thousands of the poor, who also helped materially with clothing and food.

In 1878, the name The Salvation Army was hit upon almost by accident or providence, and the adoption of uniforms and ranks caught on like wild-fire, soon turning a flourishing mission—with perhaps fifty stations in England—to a world-wide force, with bands and banners in as many countries of the world.

Great celebrations are planned for June 24th-July 2nd in London (and in every land) and thousands of delegates will make their way to the international centre.

Prayers will ascend all over the Army world—in seventy-one countries and colonies—that God will send a revival, that the Army's first love for soul-winning may be stimulated, and that the next hundred years will see greater triumphs.—H.W.

my Bible and prayed for the divine blessing.

"I receive this child," I read from the ceremony, "in the name of God and of The Salvation Army," and was aware, as one is often aware at such moments, of a Presence. It was a Father-heart that gave this little one life, a Father-heart that set him down briefly in this world where dangers are ubiquitous and unavoidable. To doubt it would be blasphemy. One's mind went to a word spoken to Moses: "Who hath made man's mouth? or who maketh the dumb, or deaf, or the seeing, or the blind? Have not I the Lord?" Who made this baby, who permitted the fatal attack he sustained? Was it not God? And was it not the Lord God Himself who stood in our midst that night in the nursery, taking this little one into

Dedication of Danny

(Continued from page 13)

His arms, pledging Himself to stand to every word of grace that He has ever spoken? Yes, He was there, erasing the general terms out of the promises and writing in a single name instead, particularizing the universal, saying to us all that God so loved little Daniel that He gave His Son for him.

The doctor's grim prediction was fulfilled in a matter of hours. And so the dear little son, the longed-for son, the recently dedicated son, had now to be given up because death had taken him. Beside his casket I read the words of another ceremony:

"We commit his body to the grave in the sure and certain hope of seeing him again on the resurrection morning."

The resurrection morning! Of that event Easter is a prophecy, because it looks back to the conquest of death. "Now is Christ risen from the dead . . . in Christ all shall be made alive. Christ the first fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at His coming." They that are Christ's will surely, I am persuaded, include that nursery-dedicated baby, and many another like him, in that day when He makes up His jewels.

The present Editor-in-Chief acknowledges the production of this Issue—necessarily well ahead of the actual date—by the former Editor-in-Chief, Lt.-Colonel Herbert Wood (R).



THE CRIMSON DAWN

(Continued from Page 3)

promised to mail it for her the following morning. He was leaving the house early to attend the sunrise service at the Army hall, he said.

"You have forgotten that tomorrow is Easter?" he accused her gently.

Lenore answered wistfully, "Yes, but I'll try to think about it now."

Easter—the day of all days—the day that commemorated the conquering, once and for all, of death! For the Christian, death was only the dark gate through which Christ had already preceded him into realms of Everlasting Glory. If Bill passed through it before her. . . .

She mustn't cry, for the baby's sake. It was bad for Billy. She shut her eyes tightly, hiding her clenched hands under the bedclothes. Beside her, Mrs. Cushing set up her own folding cot and settled down for the night.

Lenore tossed uneasily in her sleep. Bill, in his submarine—with tons of water hiding his tomb forever. . . .

She awoke with a start. Dawn was just breaking in the sky. The rain had stopped, and a streak of crimson lay along the horizon; while above it, the dark clouds were tipped with fire. She stared at them fascinated.

"Red!" she muttered. "A red dawn!"

An uneasy fancy seized her, the lingering reaction of her dream. "Red. It means blood. And suffering. And hatred. . . ."

THE sound of the telephone bell, brought her heart into her throat. With one bound, Mrs. Cushing was off her cot and on her way to the instrument.

"Hello. . . . Yes, this is the Cushing residence. Mrs. Martha Cushing

speaking. Yes. Yes, Bill!" Over her shoulder, she spoke to Lenore. "Get back in bed, and stay there!"

Lenore sank back, tears of helplessness coursing down her cheeks. As in a dream, she heard Mrs. Cushing's voice, "A thirty-day furlough? Home next week? No, your babe arrived a week ago yesterday. We wrote you right away, everything is all right. Lenore is here. Hold the line."

As Bill's mother approached the bed, Lenore divined her purpose.

"You can't carry me. I'm too heavy."

Mrs. Cushing's only answer was to pick Lenore up in her arms, blankets and all, and carry her to the telephone. Wonder swept over Lenore anew at the woman's strength—wonder, and another feeling she could not name. But the feeling found expression when Bill's anxious voice came to her over the wire.

"Your mother is holding me up, Bill. And her arms feel like yours around me. Safe. And strong. I can trust her. She'll take care of me. And we'll be looking for you—together."

Mrs. Cushing was breathing heavily when she laid her burden back on the bed. Her strong, hard-muscled arms had begun to tremble. But her dark eyes were glowing with a new, brilliant light.

"Oh, Lenore! I guess I'd have gone crazy without you. You had faith—you and Grandpa—when all I could see was darkness and despair. But God has been good, better than I ever deserved."

With a quick movement, Lenore reached up and pulled her mother-in-law's head down. She gently kissed that lined cheek.

IT was late when Grandpa returned from his sunrise service. Lenore awaited his coming with growing impatience. If only she had not been so hasty with her letter! How could she ever make people understand that what she had mistaken for jealous hatred was only a great love and a great fear, now banished like the crimson clouds in

the glory of the resurrection morning?

Grandpa entered the room quietly and laid an envelope on the bed.

"I didn't mail it, Norrie," he confessed. His old eyes looked at her shrewdly yet lovingly. "I didn't forget it, but sometimes people change their minds. And I thought—maybe. . . ."

Lenore pushed the letter back into Grandpa's hand. "Tear it up, right away!" she begged. "Please!"

Her straining ears waited to hear the sound of tearing paper, then she lay back and closed her eyes happily. Out in the dining-room Billy slept in his crib. In the kitchen, Mrs. Cushing moved softly about her household tasks, her eyes shining, and a little song of praise on her lips.

In the dining-room Grandpa settled himself beside Billy's crib with his Bible. Lenore listened while he read:

"And He shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds."

THE ANSWER

Tune: "Just A Song At Twilight"

CRATCHED against the skyline,
Crosses rude and bare;
One had borne the Saviour,
While He suffered there.
Wounded, bruised and bleeding;
Left alone to die.
As I stopped to ponder,
My heart asked, "Why?
Why did He have to die?"

Searching for the answer,
My heart seemed to hear
One so softly calling,
Banishing my fear:
"To redeem and save you,
All that I could give
Was My very life's blood
That you might live;
That all mankind might live."

Closer then He drew me,
And I saw His eyes,
Saw how I had spurned Him
Heeding Satan's lies.
Oh, my loving Saviour,
Hear me as I call,
Take my worthless life, Lord,
Be Thau my all;
Oh, be my all in all!—S.G.



A PERFECT COMBINATION—Easter lilies and the Word of God. Don't limit Easter to floral tributes; get out your Bible, and read again the imperishable story of the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. If you have heard that the story is merely legendary, read over the four accounts of the happening in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and you will be convinced of the sincerity of these men—one a doctor (Luke), one a customs official (Matthew), one a fisherman (John) and the other the nephew of the Apostle Barnabas (Mark). You will realize that these men and the other disciples were willing to die for their belief in a risen Christ. He had transformed their lives and they knew He was divine.

